

GREATER EFFICIENCY. REDUCED COST

Grow Grain in Western Canada,
Make Profits, and Show
Greater Patriotism.

The nation-wide cry of "More Efficiency" has now reached even the most remote agricultural sections and there is a general interest amongst the farmers to increase their products and to reduce their expenses. The need of foodstuffs is greater than the world has ever before known, and every effort is being used to meet the world's food requirements, becoming more apparent every day. While it is true that this desire is attested by a general patriotism, there is an underlying factor in this extension work to secure some of the benefits that are being offered by a ready market at maximum prices. Wide-spread attention has been given to the opportunity in this respect in Western Canada, where fortunes are being made in a few crops out of grain at present prices.

It has been found that the open, level prairie can be cultivated for wheat and other small grains at a minimum price, and during the past few years the yields have been more than satisfactory. Wheat crops of forty bushel to the acre have been common in Western Canada in the last three or four years, and with a present available price of over \$2.00 per bushel this means a return on investment and labor that cannot be duplicated elsewhere. This is made possible by the low priced lands that can be secured for grain growing. The range in price runs from \$15 to \$25 per acre, according to location and other local conditions. In this period of "more agricultural efficiency" it is apparent at a glance that the farmer on low priced but high grade lands, growing his grain at a minimum cost, is reaping a golden harvest with the highest percentage of profit.

The cultivator of high priced farm lands has a big handicap to overcome in computing his profits on a \$200 an acre farm as compared with the agriculturist reaping as great, if not greater return from \$25 an acre land.

It therefore becomes a question for the farmer himself to answer, whether he is doing himself and his country the best service, by devoting all his energies to working high priced land that yields no better return than land that can be secured at one-eighth the price. It is a case of getting either minimum or maximum quantity. Many have already decided on the alternative, and with their spare money invested in and now working Western Canada lands, they are allowed to speak for themselves. Apparently they are satisfied, for we learn of cases where on a \$4,000 investment, in one year they have had their money back, with a profit of from 50% to 100%. Such is one of the steps in progressiveness now being demonstrated in the effort to create greater efficiency. The Canadian Government is using every effort to bring these conditions to the attention of the agricultural world, in order to secure the necessary increased grain production so greatly needed. The farmer in Western Canada is exempt from all personal taxes. His buildings, stock and implements are not assessed; and every encouragement is given to farmers to improve and increase their farm output. Reduced railway rates are being offered to new settlers to look over the country and to size up an unprecedented opportunity in farming.—Advertisement.

Page Sir Isaac Newton.

In a certain Indianapolis home is a large pair of Paris globe used by the fond parents of the three promising children, says the Indianapolis News, to acquaint them with their geography lessons. The other day the mother went into the children's room and found the youngest on the floor with the globe between his knees and a dead fly in his hands.

"Put that filthy fly down!" commanded the mother.

The child was plainly disturbed.

"Put it down. What are you doing with it?" the mother repeated.

The child answered with hesitation. He put the fly on the top of the globe, then spun it around quickly. The fly fell to the floor.

"Mother," the boy pleaded, "mother, why does the fly fall off the earth when we don't?"

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Groves'

The Old Standard Groves' Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 60 cents.

Always Insured.

"Blink's wife was telling me they had hot water in their new house."

"Of course they have. They're bound to have hot water in their new house where that woman is."

Experts.

"There are some fine chances for landscape artists on the other side just now."

"You mean in the Camouflage section?"

"No; in the heavy artillery. They're wanted to make some changes in the map of Germany."

COVERTED BY ALL

but possessed by few—a beautiful head of hair. If yours is streaked with gray, or is harsh and stiff, you can restore it to its former beauty and luster by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Constipation.

Some movie stars do most of their acting with their hands.—Kansas City Journal.

Many a man has decided to follow a brass band down the street because he didn't have a gun.

Custom makes all things easy.

Fads And Fancies Of Fashion



IN SATIN AND SEALSKIN.

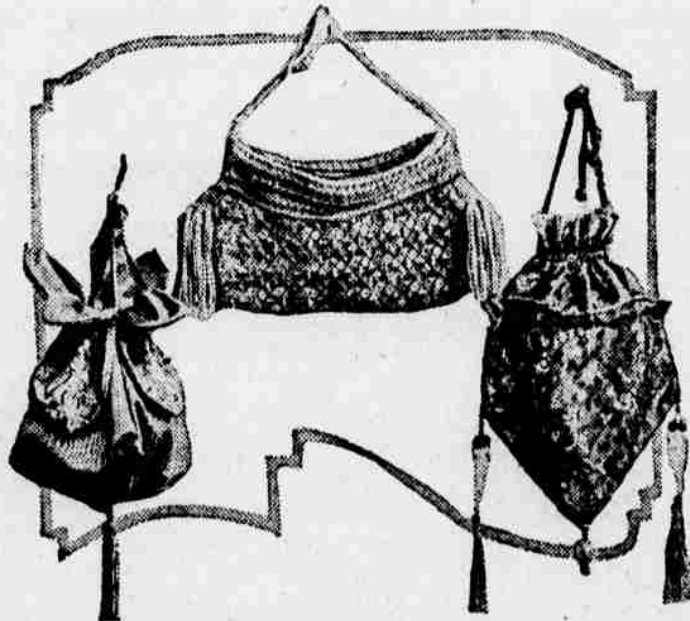
A new and very handsome development of the tunic appears in this unusual dress of gray satin, trimmed with bands of sealskin. If ever a frock was designed, versatile enough to play a greater number of roles in the days drama, the memory of the fashion writer fails to recall it. Here is a costume, with a detachable collar of fur, which needs only a touch to make it quite in place on the street, at dinner, at almost any place that the rounds of the day will carry its wearer.

The tunic and over-bodice in one look like one of those slip-over affairs that appear in dresses and blouses and sweaters of approved style. In reality it fastens at the left side, with snap fasteners under a knot of satin-covered cord at the waistline. The design is so simple as to hardly need description, which is one sure sign that it is the product of a genius. Who is to be credited with it wedded

The last word in knitting bags is a patriotic design made of red, white and blue satin ribbon, by way of complimenting the colors. The red and white predominate, and ribbon three inches wide is stitched together in stripes to form a capacious bag.

Three handsome new bags are shown here—two of them to use wherever a bag is needed and one made for a sewing bag. One of them appears to be inspired by a Chinese lantern, another brings to mind an Indian canoe, while the sewing bag suggests that some flower suggested it. These fancies are helped out by the color lines used, as well as the shapes.

The lantern bag is of heavy black ribbon brocaded with vivid blue, green and light tan color, all emphasized by a sprinkling of black, and all as glowing as these colors are in Chinese silks. It is lined with bright green satin, which appears in a ruffle at



NOVELTY BAGS OF RIBBON.

the smart apron front to a full tunic skirt at the sides and back and demonstrated that they were made for each other.

The underdress is a plain slip of the satin with rather close-fitting coat sleeves. The neck is split to form a V-shaped opening with turned-back revers. The girl is merely a cable cord, covered with satin, so smoothly that it speaks an expert needle woman's work. It defines the waistline loosely and is held in just the right position with the simplest of knots at each side than in front, where it loops over. The balls of seal-skin make a perfect finish for the long ends.

In tan or taupe or gray, or in dark shades of other fashionable colors, this model will prove itself an asset in the wardrobe of any woman, and especially useful to her who wants to make one dress answer the purposes of two or three. Besides this it is a delight to the woman of discriminating taste who will appreciate its distinction. Satin and seal-skin do not need elaboration.

With the rising tide of Christmas shoppers a current sets toward the ribbon counter in search of novelties. The ribbon department rarely disappoints its patrons. From unfailing springs of inspiration, the designers of novelties bring, each year, the most exquisite of belongings, personal, and for house decoration, made of ribbons. Bags, it goes without saying almost, are the item of greatest interest and importance at the ribbon counter this year. The knitting bag is a badge of patriotism and has made itself almost as indispensable as a hat or gloves. Bags are not to be classed as novelties but certain kinds are now and there are many new ways of making them, many novelties in ribbons are used for them.

Alexandrian Garments.

It is definitely said that the extension at the sides of skirts, which goes under the name of umbrella drapery, will be abolished. What is known as the melon skirt, or jupe tonneau, will be dismissed as worthless.

The exclusive dressmakers with keen vision, who persuaded their patrons to buy fat, Egyptian skirts, plumed from waist to hem, would not receive a letter of commendation. It is said, that Alexander's empire will remain at the fashion's disposal.

the neck of the bag. Tassels of jade and silk are suspended at the sides. A small cap of green satin appears at the bottom of the bag and a big green bead, on a black silk cord hangs from it. The same cord is used for handles.

The canoe bag is in pale tan and gold brocade with a crocheted top portion made of chenille and flat tassels, also with crocheted tops. These and the handle are all in light tan, but a vivid green satin lining gives life to the colorings.

Plain rose-colored satin is used to line the bag of blue moire ribbon with four petal-like tabs of blue and rose brocaded ribbon about the top. It is suspended by narrow blue satin ribbon and an unexpected but effective touch of gold appears in the tassels at the bottom.

Julius Bottomly

For Winter Coats.

Not all women get their coats ready-made. And those who do not are interested in selecting materials to have their coats made up. Velours, soft and thick and velvety, head the list of fashionable weaves. One may choose most any color and any one of the several good qualities. Bolivias, too, are high in favor, and these are even more expensive and finer than the velours. The colors are charming—the softest, prettiest shades imaginable. Scotch tweeds for durability—these are always reliable, and in good style this year, as they were last year, and likely to be next! Zibelines are here again—silky and warm—and promise to make attractive winter wraps.

and whatever has a bulge in it will be out of the picture.

Dark Blouse Essential.

Every woman should include at least one dark blouse in her wardrobe, but it is often difficult to find such a blouse that is becoming and not commonplace in color. The answer may be found in the dark blouse with a light-colored collar and cuffs.

Dr. Bradford's Obstacle

By Anne Collins

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Jane Dawson kept a boarding house. Had Jane lived a generation ago her friends would have been filled with pity for her because of this. They would have nodded their heads sadly together and have said: "What a pity that a young woman of Jane's position and family should be reduced to taking in boarders." But, being an up-to-date young woman of the twentieth century, Jane preferred to look upon her venture with deep interest, put her boarding house on a business basis, kept her books with accuracy and was regarded as one of the business women who had won out in the neighborhood where she lived.

"The Dawson House," as Jane chose to call her establishment, had a definite number of resident boarders and an indefinite number of "tenters," as Jane's housekeeper called them. In the latter class was Doctor Bradford, who was known to the regular Dawson House clientele simply as a promising young doctor who, having spent the last two or three years at the front, had now taken an apartment somewhere in a nearby neighborhood with the intention of building up a practice.

Doctor Bradford, it was whispered, was very much attracted to Jane. That was not so very remarkable for Jane, in spite of—or was it partly because of—her businesslike manner and trim, severely made blue serge frocks was a decidedly attractive bit of femininity. The remarkable thing about it was that Jane showed that she was attracted to the doctor. At least it had been noticed by the observing ones of Dawson House that the doctor not infrequently lingered after dinner to join in a hand of bridge with Jane and some favored married couple. For it was, indeed, considered a favor to be invited to spend an evening in Jane's hospitable sitting room where crackling logs on the hearth and warm-smelling lamps and, most of all, Jane's indescribable smile—which always was at its best in her own private sanctum—cast a spell of cheer that was warmer than the hospitality of any other part of the house.

Sometimes, though, this observing ones did not know, Jane and the doctor spent a leisure hour or so together in bracing country walks; but apparently—apparently surely to Jane—the doctor merely sought Jane's friendship in her companionship. On more than one occasion of late, however, his manner verged on something warmer than friendship, but always he stopped himself abruptly. However, there is always a last time when a man is able to stifle his desire to come to an understanding with the woman to whom he is attracted, and this last time came one evening when Jane and he were bending over a game of cribbage in Jane's sitting room. Impulsively the doctor clapped his hands over cards and pegs and board just as Jane was about to peg out to the finish.

"Jane," he said, "I've got to tell you. You know my mind is not on the game. I'm thinking only of you and I have been for weeks. Jane, I'd try and make you love me enough to be my wife if I thought it could ever work out—but—"

Jane's hands that had suddenly turned cold were, with an effort at composure, trying to straighten out the pack of cards.

"But what?" she said after a moment's silence, and then, as the doctor seemed to be unable to make an explanation she went on with a deliberateness that was characteristic of Jane: "Do you mean that there is some reason why you couldn't ask me to be your wife?"

"There is a reason why you might not wish to accept me," he said.

Jane looked across the table, her frank eyes meeting his.

"Is it something that happened when you were in France?"

The doctor nodded in the affirmative. "I didn't think much about it till I got to this country. Why, Jane, even my mother told me I must have been insane to do it—and it is because of it that she didn't want me to settle down at home. That's why I came here and took the apartment."

"I am sorry," was all Jane answered and perhaps the doctor was disappointed that Jane did not force a fuller confession from him.

Jane spent what seemed to her boarders a foolish proportion of her earnings on the furnishings of her little sitting room. New pictures and books and objects of ornamentation that tempted her soon found their place in the room, though she would have hesitated some time before buying a new hat or gown. The doctor was always interested in her purchases, however, and had a keen eye to detect any new book, or picture or art object. For the weeks that followed his attempt at confession Jane had been none the less cordial than before, but whenever their conversation approached a point where the confession might have been completed Jane abruptly changed the subject.

Late one afternoon Jane found the doctor waiting for her in her sitting room when she returned from a lonely walk. A smile of keen pleasure was on his face as he greeted her: "I've found your newest purchase," he exclaimed.

Jane bent down to a life-sized Japanese doll that stood on a pedestal in a corner of the room. "I've found it," she said, "I've found it."

there were only real youngsters in the house I might have got along without it. I don't suppose people that have babies ever live in boarding houses. I wish they did; but I suppose they would disturb the other boarders."

The doctor looked on with a degree of fascination and surprise that might have amazed Jane were she not so intent at gazing at the lifelike Japanese doll. She planted a kiss on its plump porcelain cheek. "Ugh," she said with a shudder. "It looks like a real baby, but it isn't a bit satisfactory when it comes to kissing."

When the doctor went to his apartment a little later it was with gladness in his heart and a quick step. Moreover, his idea of Jane had been altered in one important particular. The next afternoon he managed to make his way into the Dawson House with a large bundle, and when Jane returned to her sitting room after her stroll she found him already in possession there, as he had been the day before. He came to the door when he heard her coming and carefully closed it behind her.

When he turned to look at Jane she had dropped to her knees before the yellow cushion and was planting a kiss on the cheek of the little bundle of plump humanity that was seated there.

"Where did it come from?" she cried, and then she clasped the little plump live baby in her arms and proved to the doctor that even a business woman might win out even as a boarding-house keeper, and not lose her share of instinctive maternal love.

"That is the obstacle," the doctor announced. "It's Belgian. I ran across it, or rather it ran across me—waited and held out its little thin arms to me in the ward of one of the hospitals a day or so after its mother died. Of course I knew a lot of theoretical stuff about baby care and somehow I fancied I could take charge of it. Anyway I adopted it and with the help of the stewardess and some of the women on board, I got it home—though the women did look at me as if they thought I was demented for having adopted the youngster. I had it bundled in my arms in a steamer rug—it was hale and sound and as rosy as it is now by that time—when mother and my old friends came to meet me at the dock. I thought at least my mother would take a fancy to it. First they laughed at me and then, when I wouldn't put it in an institution, they got irritable about it. I'd spent so

much time at the front, that my funds are pretty low and I couldn't afford a trained nurse for it."

He paused and looked down with unmixed joy as Jane kissed the baby's dimpled hands. "Perhaps I'm stubborn, but the more they tried to argue me out of keeping it the surer I got that I was going to keep it. And even loving you as I did I wasn't going to think of marrying if it would mean giving up the youngster. For some reason I imagined you didn't like babies. I thought you'd want me to give it up if you ever consented to be my wife. But—"

Jane was standing before the doctor with the baby clasped in her arms. "It's perfectly wonderful," she said and the little Belgian orphan merely gurgled his surprise as he was clasped in the arms of Jane and the doctor in their first embrace.

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GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

Has been used for all ailments that are caused by a disordered stomach and inactive liver, such as sick headache, constipation, sour stomach, nervous indigestion, fermentation of food, palpitation of the heart caused by gases in the stomach. August Flower is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. Sold in all civilized countries. 30 and 90 cent bottles.—Adv.

Taking a Chance.

Some of the poets are venturing to rhyme "camouflage."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Leave It to Her.

A man may hurl thunderbolt arguments at his wife, but she can usually think of something to say when he is through.

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY

Is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it in the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Why Mike Looked Annoyed.

Mike looked very annoyed and Pat inquired the reason. "A man told me he was in favor of peace at any price," remarked Mike. "And then what happened?" asked Pat. "I never answered him," said Mike. "I knew he was only tryin' to start a row an' make it look as though I was to blame!"

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Because Cuticura Quickly Removes Them—Trial Free.

On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off the Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water, using plenty of Soap. Keep your skin clear by making Cuticura your every-day toilet preparations.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

About Ready to Change.

"That was a terrible railroad wreck this morning."

"So it was."

"I understand a stage star had a narrow escape from death."

"Yes, her husband was killed."

"No doubt she's prostrate."